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Salutatorian

DOROTHY LATHAM
Valedictorian

CHARLES McGAHAN
Prophet

MIRIAM BISBEE
Historian

THE MIRROR

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WALTHAM HIGH SCHOOL, WALTHAM, MASS.

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Salutatory

IRENE V. GREENLEAF

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THIS is the first and last—the only time that Fate turns her course to the graduation exercises of the class of nineteen-hundred and seventeen. Therefore we welcome you here this evening with the greatest pleasure. We welcome you not only to our graduation, but also to our initiation, our initiation into manhood and womanhood. We have finally gained the threshold, towards which we have so long been tending. We could not have approached it without an effort on our part, nor without those opportunities which the city has offered. We greatly appreciate these opportunities. They lately have been increased by the facilities of the new Public Library. We *now* have a building which we may well be proud of, and we make use of a good thing when we finally get it. We are very grateful for the material assistance which we have constantly obtained there and which has been so helpful to us in all our studies. We consider this a fitting time publicly to acknowledge the close co-operation of the librarian and his assistants with the public schools. We also appreciate your patronage.

Members of the community have observed our social events, and have, of late, criticized with due right the elaborateness of these affairs. We accepted their criticisms in regard to unnecessary expense, though we still think our present assembly hall inadequate for our more formal events. The public have also enthusiastically attended our ball games, foot ball in particular, and have cheered our numerous successes. Our enviable place in interscholastic athletics is not due to a nicely equipped gymnasium, but to the hearty support of the public in unison with the earnest effort of the boys and coaches. We hope in time to come that as a reward for these successes we may receive a gymnasium such as befits a school of our reputation.

One other very important need of the school is a better lunch counter. Two years ago the domestic science department on the top floor of the building was greatly improved. Several newly furnished rooms were added, so that the girls might have training in scientific housekeeping Now that the top floor has been so nicely equipped, a better lunch room should be installed in the basement for the sake of consistency—if nothing more. The present lunch counter is so small that every noon we have had to struggle to get food before it was all gone. The domestic science departments in some schools have found it possible to supply the school with food for their lunch counter. Perhaps in the future Waltham also will be able to do so, but at any rate we hope the boys and girls will not always be compelled to push and jam to get a sandwich or two.

However, when we recall the hindrances we have contended with during this last year, we consider ourselves fortunate for graduating at this time.

You will remember that at the first of this school year, the fear of an epidemic of infantile paralysis was so great that for a time it was doubtful whether the schools had better open then or not. Fortunately the cause for fear was soon abated.

During this year so many teachers have left that it brings great credit to their successors that the work in their departments has been kept up in its usual manner. As a matter of fact, dur-

ing this last year, five teachers have gone, and seven new tecahers have come in.

One of these teachers was taken from us by death. A year ago tonight, a man most interested in whoever he might help, and most devoted to the welfare of the boys and girls of the Waltham High School, lay dying in our local hospital. Last year he taught drawing in our school. Last year was the first time, for many years, that he was unable to decorate this hall for graduation. The artistic decoration of the High School is the memorial which he has left for us. We are very grateful for what Mr. Morris has done for us, and wish we all had appreciated him while he was with us.

The last of this term has been broken up by the declaration of war. Several of our most courageous boys have left their homes, their school, and their classmates, to offer themselves for the defense of our nation. Some of them joined the national guard, others the naval reserve, and because of the shortage in food supplies, a number of the remaining boys left school to do farming.

We are proud to have them among our number, and are especially glad that they could come back here tonight, to receive their diplomas with us.

And now, once more, we extend a most hearty welcome to you all, to our initiation, our reunion and our graduation.

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Valedictory

DOROTHY LATHAM

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THERE is some regret that in these exercises, we reach the end of our high school course. Graduation is always overshadowed by thoughts of parting, and this year it is especially solemn. The outlook seems gloomy, with all the world at war. We were accused of being luxury-loving, "too proud to fight," and devoid of loyalty and self-respect as a people. Despite this apparent darkness, there gleams a splendid manifestation of Americanism. We turn our lawns into gardens; we forego some luxuries; we obtained full registration on draft day; we sent a flotilla immediately into British waters; we despatched Pershing to France, and everybody has bought a Liberty Bond. This awakening of the soul is evident in foreign countries as well as in the United States. Growth of national spirit is one of great good, among others, that so far has come out of so much evil.

Science has always been a binding link in the world's common interest. There are Edison lights in all foreign countries, Marconi's wireless telegraphy is universal, practically every country has railroads, made possible by the invention of George Stephenson, the Englishman. Intercourse with foreign neighbors by steamship lines, mails, and commerce, has been a unifying factor. The standardization of weights and measures, especially those of electricity and of the metric system, is another proof of the unity that science has brought about.

But now, all these inventions of men's brains, by means of which the world was "getting together," are used for the worst purposes. Now it must be the hearts and souls of nations which shall form a bond of strength. One thing that may link peoples together is the study of literature and language, which arouses many sympathies and interests. Yet there is something deeper; the spirit of nationalism. When General Joffre visited Boston recently, cheer after cheer arose for the great leader who could speak not a word of our language. At George Washington's tomb Viviani paid him one of the greatest tributes that was ever uttered. The members of the party were too deeply stirred to speak. It was not language nor yet literature that so moved the hearers. There was exhibited the great national spirit of honor. Lithuanians, Armenians, Servians, Poles, and Montenegrins, each of these peoples has its own individual language, and wishes to retain it, but in the craving for freedom all are one. The Jews look with longing toward Palestine, hoping to return to their ancient home, wrested from them centuries ago. They follow with keen interest the maneuvers of the British in their assaults against the Turks. Thousands of dollars have been raised in the United States for the relief of their famine-stricken and destitute brothers. They all hope to recover a country of their own.

We are familiar with the story of Belgium. Deported, pillaged, and starving, the people live in hope, pouring out their souls in gratitude for the Red Cross work, and remaining faithful to their own little nation. Oppression kindles in them the spirit of loyalty. They feel sure of their future liberty.

Serbia, too, has this spirit of nationalism. She has been under Turkish dominion for five hundred years. She would not yield nor give up the Christian religion for freedom under the

Crescent; she is a democracy in herself and wishes to have liberty only when Turkey will emancipate her with no binding conditions. Slavery has awakened her heroic spirit; it has developed a patience and forbearance characteristic of oppressed nations. The Serbians have lived in their national poetry, have sung of Marko, their great epic king, just as the Greeks sang of Achilles. The peasants lived simply in the villages and bore their lot cheerfully. Upon the invasion of their native land, they made a brave, but futile stand. The Kaiser invited them, as refugees, to come back to their homes and customs. But the Serbians answered, "Our custom is to sing of virtues only. How can we sing when we are returning to empty caves for homes and see nothing but vice and cruelty? We shall be silent until the final judgment." So, through tribulation, shine the hidden treasures of Slavic character.

This same democratic, generous, and far-reaching spirit is seen in Russia. In 1880 a Russian novelist delivered an address in memory of a poet, in which he said, "To be a real Russian and to be wholly Russian means this: to be a brother of all men and to be universally human. Future generations shall show to Europe a way of escape from its anguish in the Russian soul, which is universal." We have seen this prophecy fulfilled. We "hail to the millions from bondage returning," who shall constitute a vast republic, the result of a great spark of patriotism that burst forth and kindled into freedom.

Great credit is due to England for fighting the cause of the weaker and more oppressed little countries. She rallied to the side of the innocent. Through her they have their existence. Although nominally a kingdom she possesses much democratic spirit. Her colonies have shown her the most loyal support. From Australia to Canada thousands have united to serve with the serried ranks. Men too old to be soldiers join the aerial corps to build machinery, and, in time of need, register in every part of unselfish service. Disraeli said that if Europe ever fell into an exhausted state, there would be an illustrious future for England; that it was for Europe, and not England that his heart sank; not illustrious in conquests, but in self-denials for common good. Certainly we shall see this come true if she continues her sisterly protection for the sake of humane civilization.

But for France, I think, we keep the warmest spot in our hearts. A nation whose spirit is that of Joan of Arc, cannot be defeated. Her self-sacrificing soul is like an inspiring vision. In the battle of the Marne, she drove back the German First Army. With "1870" ringing in their ears, the French rushed on to the Huns and with almost bare hands, turned the tide of victory. Vive la France!

"If France is dying then youth is gray,
and steel is soft and flame is cold."
But the flame is still burning!

Now the United States, one of the "champions of the rights of mankind," may be chastened by sacrifice. The hyphenated will disappear. We shall be more cosmopolitan, more comprehending, and more sympathetic with all peoples, especially with those who stand by our side struggling for rights and for liberty. Out of death shall come life, and the dead shall have died not in vain.

Although we say farewell tonight we shall not be separated, but united: American in hopes, aspirations, and ideals, that we may truly claim as ours, our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum," Out of Many, One.

Class Prophecy

By CHARLES McGAHAN

(With apologies to Ring W. Lardner)

WELL, it was just last Wednesday morning at breakfast, I was saying to Gladys—she's my wife—how good it would be to hop back once more and walk the old Main street of Waltham.

I saw the boss and got his O. K. on my vacation, met the Frau at the Sayville station and boarded the local. I was just leaning back on the plush cushions, when the Missus's elbow struck me in the softer parts of my anatomy, which brought me to attention on the jump. "That is him," murmured the wife, half to herself. At the mention of a him I was all eyes, ears, and neck. "Is who?" I murmured, inquiringly. "Why, Seymour Merrill, and he has Madeline Fiske with him. They are sitting up ahead on the left hand side. They write motion picture plays and get $20,000 a year salary," she gasps, all in one breath. "Did you find out from the firm?" I asks her "No," she says, "Auntie wrote and told me The Merrills are very friendly with her. She also said that Seymour says such funny things." "Yes," I says, "that is a pretty good one about the $20,000. But I suppose it's funnier when he tells it."

A gust of Ayer wind burst passed the news butcher as he opened the front door. As he comes down the aisle I notice that his mouth is spread out pretty much over his face "Some grin," thinks I.

As he draws up abreast of us, he sets down his little basket and gives the wife the glad hand. I was all eyes, looking this fellow over. When the introduction came I learns that his name is Hentzi, and he was one of the wife's old friends. But as I sees their friendship is being enthusiastically renewed on both sides, I thinks that it's time that Hentzi stops holding the wife's hand, so I told him I'd like a box of peanuts, at the same time tossing him a jitney.

"Cost a quarter now" says Hentzi. I hands the robber two dimes and he picks up his basket and starts while the going's good.

With a flying start the Missus jumps up, out of her seat, and is hoofing it down the aisle. She was soon lost amid a cloud of waving arms and muffled bellows. As soon as she recovered her breath I hears her say in a trembling voice, "Oh, what a surprise to see you all again. We can now have a kind of a little party together." The Frau then does a rightabout and advances toward our seat with the shadows in tow. On being presented to the trio, I finds out that I knows them all, but in their disguise of crepe my eyes had been buffaloed. As they shook hands with me, I begins to notice how they have changed. The Misses Latham and Angus had both pushed aside the 150 pound weight and were rapidly gaining, without handicap, on the 200 mark. Sister Olney had a worn and hungry look. They were touring, I learns from their rattling talk, as delegates for the N. P. A. But then Gladys says: "How many converts has your branch of the National

Prohibition Association made?" "I lost all traces of an answer because we were going through a tunnel at the time, and one has to watch the lips of Miss Angus anyway to follow the conversation.

Feeling like I needs a bit of fresh air I excuses myself from the Old Home Week gathering and seeks the end of the train. I has to pass through the diner as I makes my way toward the rear and on going through I bumps smack into a man disguised in a barber's coat carrying a mustache over his mouth.

"Sam," says I, "take off the disguise; I know you"

"How are you?" replies the bland Sam, smiling all the while, as he juggles the cucumber sandwiches back and forth amongst the hungry public.

"Tell us about the mustache," I says.

"Not much to tell," says Sam.

"It's young yet," I cooes and scurries toward the door.

On reaching the rear-end of the train, I flops into a chair with a sigh. As I gazes at the rattan chair, a gentleman comes into view who is familiar both in shape and length. "Barnum must have been blind the day he let this exhibit slip through his fingers," thinks I, and as getting acquainted wasn't difficult I learns his name is Whiting and he's a traveling salesman. But if he travels in the railroad sleeping cars much he must have to fold up like a clothes hanger to get in a berth. Well, in spite of his distance from the ground he certainly was a classy dresser.

We hadn't been talking for more than three or four half-hour stretches before a shrill feminine voice from the interior of the car whistled: "Ellie, Ellie, the baby's awake. Come in here and put him to sleep."

"That's Persis," whispers my hushed friend, as he made a sneak for the door. "I'm sure going to do some traveling tonight."

I gurgles a sigh of content as the door closes and I lay back in my chair to take about 40 winks before I return to the wife. When I opens my peepers two dark forms are standing back to me, outlined against the sun. They were gazing supposedly at the scenery, but when I saw that each had a half-hitch on the other's waist and when the surf-like murmurings came to my ears, I closed my eyes and could almost hear the church-bells tinkle and smell the aroma of rice and old shoes.

Yesterday this specimen of manhood was a Freshman, but now—oh, she calls him just plain Eddie.. while he sweetly murmurs Irene. Mr retreat from the trysting place was swift and noiseless, and as for the scenery experts, they were left undisturbed. As I was trying to find the place I'd left the Missus, I meets up with the conductor. Without hesitation he grunts out, "Tickets. please," and at the same instant my hand reaches for my wallet. But I grow cold and hot in turn as I can find no such thing on my person. All the while the guy in uniform is tapping his toe and trying to be tactful.

Not being able to produce the tickets, I tries to explain and just when my tale was going good in comes a young brakeman, who stops to look at the little scene and with a sneer he asks, "Trying to put over the lost ticket stall, Cahill?"

"Yes, Nelson," says the con.; "he's a slick article." I was about to tell this wise General, Long-hair Nelson,

SENIOR PLAY CAST

Left to Right—Elinor Buncher, Clara Olney, Charles Moore, Sarah Conant, Edmund Freeman, Lawrence Mulloy, Karleen Ludden, Warren Roulo, Samuel Wolk.

to go and see Louis the barber, but didn't want an argument as to which was the letterman. Pulling out my card, I says to this Cahill person, "Here's my card. Now you know who I am."

Just as the crisis is being reached, the Frau rushes in the car with my pocket-book clutched in her shaking mitt. Seems I'd lost that needful necessity from my pocket while trying to get from my seat, which the wife's friends were occupying.

Then with much grumbling on the Missus' part because of my carelessness, we reach our seat without accident. But we'd no sooner got seated than Nelson yells through the door that we've reached "Waltham."

With this word still ringing in my ears, I sees the Missus grab her satchel with one hand and reach for me with the other. She finds a grip on my arm and down the aisle she pelts, with me in tow. We reach the platform without dislocating my bones, but I had no complaint to make anyway. It was the wife's party. Why should I worry?

As I was gazing at the freight which had pulled in on the siding to let our local have the right of way, I sees a feminine figure come sprawling out of the recess of a side door Pullman and land rather heavily on terra firma. In spite of her smoke-stained face I just drank up the familiar figure of Pauline. She was heiress to a cool million, so the Frau told me.

Then the Missus remembered she was to visit Auntie and nothing would satisfy her but to pull up before auntie's front door in a cab.

Our pilot, who manipulated the horse and hack, was none other than a Clarke fellow. Of course the Frau knew him and she tells me that he had, in his school-boy days, misplaced his memory, and from all appearances of the driver, it had never been found.

We piled into his cab and Clarke hops upon the box, then with a chirp to his nag, we go zig-zagging up the street. After turning a couple of corners we come into the Square, where there seems to be a tie up in traffic which the only feminine officer on the force was doing her best to straighten out, I naturally asks the Missus who the doll was out in front of us, waving her arms at the autos and trucks, and when I heard the circumstances I also decided that it was no more than natural that Mary Mogan should follow the steps of her parent.

Soon the massive portals of the new city hall came up off our port bow, and as Gladys saw Mayor Ekwall strolling down the steps, nothing would satisfy her until I orders Clarke to hesitate his animal, while the wife rushes up the steps to meet His Honor.

When he sees the wife hurrying towards him, Ekwall stops swinging his massive shoulders and feet, and heaving to, waits for the wife's first outburst. I knew the Ekwall lad ever since he gurgled to his Pa and Ma from the cradle. His inheritance of politics was a thing he was proud of he he could talk longer and louder than a farmer at town meeting.

During his conversation, he lets drop that he employs a large staff of pay-pushers and shorthand artists in his office. Of course the Missus was just wild to know who was working for His Honor, but as I was getting kind of froze out in this con-

versation, I drops a hint to Gladys that if she would only can her chatter she'd do a great wholesale business.

Still the Mayor keeps on preaching as if he'd never heard my suggestion, and tells the Frau that his main stenographer was Mildred. Then he proceeds to twitter at his cleverness and I hold up my end of the horse-laugh, just to be polite. He also states that Laura Fernald and Rosalia Preble were doing the city a good turn by tickling the keys and answering the telephone.

Soon the talk was getting kind of played out so as a suggestion Ekwall says:

"What do you say if we take in a show tonight as a sort of celebration?"

"That's fine," begins the Missus. But Rollie continues: "We'll take in the Casino.

It used to be the Old Park, if my memory is running true to form, and as there were a couple of turks in the line before me, I waits as patiently as a burro.

At last I gets up to the ticket-seller's cage and as I looks in the coup I sees that Farnum is the boy dishing out the pasteboards, but by the look on his face I knew at once that I was a blank in his memory.

"Haven't got three tickets for tonight, have you?" I hollers thru the glass porthole.

I happens to glance past Herb's poor physique and lamps off that Morse girl sitting before a cash register, on which she was ragging the keys in good style. Every now and then I got a flash of the diamond but she was always Herb's right hander any way.

On the way out I stops to look at the pictures of the different coming attractions. As I looks them over I sees that for next week Daley's "Ballet Russe" was to head the bill.

The Missus had deserted both the Mayor and the cabby when I got back to the City Hall. "Where's the Frau?" I demands. "Gone up to her Aunt's house," promptly replies the Head of the City.

That's all I stopped to hear and I tosses the still waiting Clarke half a buck as I hurries by. "See you tonight," I yells over my shoulder to His Honor who was still adorning the steps of the City Hall. I had passed but a few blocks when two endurable and chubby forms appeared dead ahead. Altho the weather was mild, this pair was attired as if there was going to be a sleigh ride. Sweaters were the lightest of their apparel and one didn't have to ask them if it was a warm day. But as they came gushing by me with many grunts and puffs, I quieted down a bit for I see it's only Miriam and the Ohnemus girl taking the only resort yet untried, to get rid of that scandalous surplus. I turns to watch them scramble over the tar sidewalk but the life of a great city had swallowed them up.

I was now thinking of giving my stomach a chance to prove its worth when I notices a small sign down the street which says, "Small, Nichols Company, Restaurant." That name sounded rather deceiving but the Restaurant part of it rang true.

I made way with my meal in short order and on going toward the door I passes Pearl who has her chair backed up against the radiator and is busy knitting wristers. She didn't take an active part in attending to the customers cause I sees she's all dolled up in her silk poplin gown. I gives her a nod as I passes by and receives a faint smile in return. As I reached the side-

walk I thinks I'll stand on the curb for a moment and take a few whiffs of air as a bracer.

I notices Hastings coming along with Elizabeth. I see also that there is a Bond between them. The Bond used to be slight when she went to school but now I couldn't help but notice how plump and rounded Helen had grown to be. It didn't take me long to see where they were headed for, as the Metz Branch was on the corner and if signs are to be believed Hasty had charge of it. I was just going to hot-foot it for aunties' house when I happens to look across the street and there is a duet that reminds me of Rip van Winkle and Isaac Walton rolled up together. This pair of men were striding down the street as if they had on the famous seven-league boots and from their attire and appearance they could have dropped from any place west of Ozarks. Both were known to me. They were Eric, the weed, holding down first place, with Perry, the hunter, a good second. They were just back from a raid on Beaver Brook Reservation, with no success to either party. But as I had need to hurry I couldn't stop to hail this pair and it was pretty close to seven, by my watch, when I trots up the steps of the house where auntie existed. The Missus answers my ring and tells me all in one breath that the Mayor 'phoned that he wasn't able to go to the show with us, that she'd asked a friend to go in his place. When she'd quieted down a bit I sees that she's got her evening gown on and then when she sees me giving her the once-over, she tells me that my soup and fish was upstairs waiting to be clamped on to me. As we didn't have much time to get to the show, I makes a quick change and when I meets the wife on the stairs as I'm coming down, I asks her what her friend's name is. 'Twas some doll name, Karleen Ludden, that had joined our party by request, I learns, and when I asks the Missus if this Jane's Pa is the fellow who makes the cough-drops, she goes away up in the air and says: "The idea! Don't you know that Karleen is the greatest actress of the age? She is also a great lover of music."

"Well," I says, "she probably gets passes to the motion-picture houses." At this remark I could see that the Frau only kept her temper by great effort.

Everything went off fine as silk and we gets to the show early so as to look over the gay-dogs as they flocks in.

The wife and Karleen talk about every attire worn by the audience. The only one that my two companions didn't seem to see was Marguerite Bliss. But as she had a seat in the back row, it was quite hard to find her. From all the newspaper reports I'd read, she was having pretty fair luck at coaching the local football team. No matter who the team played it was always sure of finishing second anyway. Finally, the orchestra was all in their places and an old guy with a long beard comes out in front of them. He looked familiar back to but I couldn't seem to place him. A kind old lady who was sitting in front of me kindly informs me his name is Eliott. Then she lisps pleasingly, "He's the conductor."

The overture was well under way when I hears the Frau tell Karleen that my kind neighbor is a Butler and as I, wishing to make the evening pleasant all round, leans over her shoulder and says, "Quite

warm, isn't it?" She admits that it is. I begins to think I'm getting along fine. Then I springs, "All the he and she butlers in my town have Tuesday afternoon off. Don't they do the same here?" The smile of greeting which was still lingering about her dimples frosts up and sets like Instant Jello.

"You're too fresh," she hoots at me.

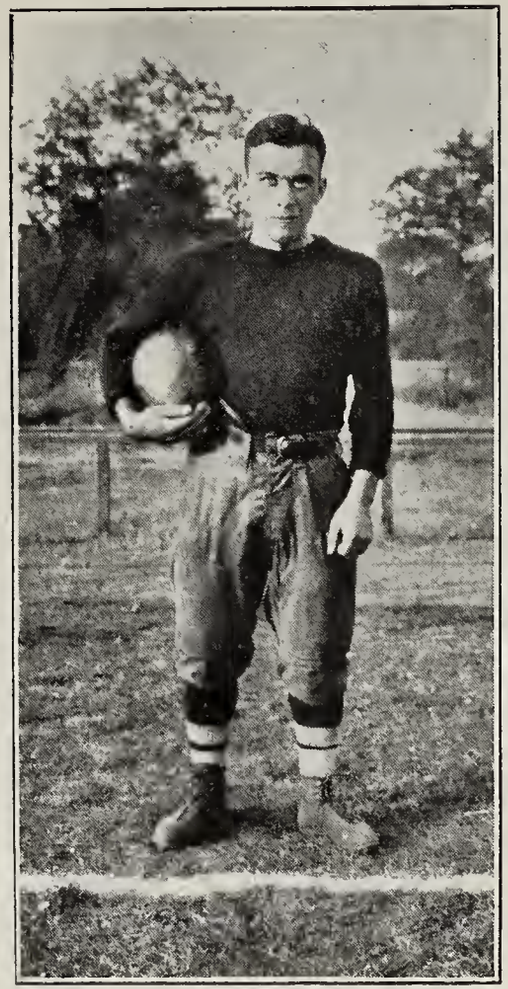
Gladys grabs me by the coat and pulls me back against my chair. There she tells me that this damsel's *name* is Butler and that her uncle had only left her enough change to make Rockyfeller feel like a day laborer and incidentally, she was the niftiest mermaid that Ocean Pier had seen since Annette Kellerman.

After this explanation, I decides to sit tight and do my thinking internally in the future. As the overture ended, up goes the curtain and the thermometer.

A fellow who appears to be a stevedore, attired in a short, hackdriver's jacket, comes hopping out on to the stage. As near as I could figure we are going to have some kind of a game 'cause he has a bunch of cards in his hand. But, then he pulls a rack out from behind the scenes and sets up his cards.. After giving them a few shuffles. he cuts the cards and up comes the card, Miller and Warren. That suggestion seems to satisfy him, so he makes a quick exit.

Down in the orchestra old Billy Whiskers begins waving his wand and as the soft strains of "If I had my way, dear," come booming up from the pit, Sir Donald makes his entrance and stops in mid-stage. He was just as small as I ever saw him in my life, and after taking a deep breath, he starts his ballad. He must have been sore at the conductor for all he does is snarl and growl. Well, Don seems to be having his own way because the audience allows him to sing the second verse. When his song comes to an end, our hero smiles plaintively and backs off the stage, bowing all the while, but on his way he also breaks half of a wing along with him. No sooner does Don disappear, than, with a crash of tom-toms and bells, the musical brewers in the orchestra hit her up full speed ahead and on comes Carrie dancing like a Whirling Dervish. Carrie's part is not as long as she and when she makes her adjourn, everyone applauds.

After the finger snapping has died down both of the artists make their entrance and to the pleasure of all hands they warble, "Carrie me back to ole Virginy." It is a very appropriate song but Don's voice only seems to get interested when it mentions the "carry" part of the selection. The last note of their song wasn't squashed before the asbestos comes shooting down with a crash and our most able stevedore once more lends his hand at turning the cards. Then I hears the Missus chattering like a Lewis machine-gun. I sees that the Jane sitting behind the wife is certainly attentive to the conversation, but as the spiel was directed at her, she has to be polite and listen. Karleen whispers in my ear that the girl is Alice Johnson. who had married a dynamite tester. Seems like he'd tested a stick to see if it could take the place of a hammer. He never came back and now Alice was living comfortably on his John Hancock although keeping the children in shoes ate up most of the inter-



CHARLES McGAHAN
Captain

1916 FOOTBALL SQUAD

est money. When Alice got a chance to chew the fat, I hears her tell how Brooks Marsh is giving banjo lessons at all the leading institutions such as the Perkins and Keeley Institutes. The rest of her jabber was lost in the thunder as Goat-Beard had started up his orchestra again. Up goes the sheet again and I sees by the card that there is to be some garnd opera selections rendered by La Bou and Blanchard, ably assisted by a chorus of 40 voices.

The stage is set with a bungalow on one side and with many trees everywhere else on the stage. Out of the bungalow struts Florence, followed by Ralphio and he begins singing what a fine morning it is, in Wop, and she tells him he'd better go fly his kite. That ends the first song. Then Ralphio swaggers to the edge of the stage and makes a commencement. But he must have slept bad last night, 'cause he just grunts now and then, while the orchestra can't seem to locate what key he's grunting in and they don't get along at all until Ralphio bows and sprints for the wings.

Now comes the grand final. It seems in the song that Ralphio has to go away 'cause there's a washout this side of Fresh Pond while Florence pleads for him to hesitate and stay at home with her but he can't see staying with Flo at all. Then, the chorus takes up the maiden's plea but all to no purpose. Gladys thought the singing was just beautiful. Karleen then tells us that the songs were from Madame Buttermilk or some such opera.

I was getting kind of restless as the curtain comes down again so I begs the rest of the party to excuse me. Permission to leave being granted with great haste on the part of the Missus. No sooner have I made my way to the sidewalk than along comes Red Mott with a chorus girl from the show-house up the street, hanging on to each of his two arms. I knew both of the girls as Esther Perry and Frances Wiley when I was in school but as names change so readily I have quite disremembered the nome-de-plumes they were now carrying. I remembered Red as being one of those wicked men, who the song-writer mentions as being one who broke her "heart to pass the time away." But he always wanted each and every branch of the feminine specie to have an equal chance to talk and walk with him; the huge and shadowy holder of the name, "a la Motte." Tossing the remains of Mecca into the gutter, I takes a final look up and down the street. As luck would have it, the lights of the street reflected on the door of the little church across the street and I stops for a second as the words of a placard tacked on the door attracts my attention. I studies the sign a moment and this is what I reads: "On Tuesday evening there will be the annual meeting of the Women's Guild in the basement. The Reverend Charles Moore will preside at this meeting. There will be a collection and now that the winter months are passed will persons please refrain from dropping cough-drops in the contribution box?" I have to read this over a second time before I fully understand the situation. Then I see that I have another of my widely scattered classmen accounted for.

Turning around I start to beat it back into the auditorium but when I see that most of its population is

endeavoring to make an exit, I back up against the building to wait for the Frau. While I'm standing there a couple of maidens draw up aside of me and begin beefing about all things that women are interested in, and that's everything. Out of the corner of my eye I looks them over and I know for a fact that I've seen their pictures in the paper, with articles written about how they tomahawked plate-glass windows and spilled mellow eggs at school-board and city executives all because they wasn't allowed to vote. They were talking some, were the suffs, Mildred Moore and Frances Bassett. From all the ideas, suggestions and information they bombarded one another with, I pieces facts together and learns that Marguerite Holmes was travelling about the Sahara Desert, peddling fur coats to the Arabs. She was always a cool one, anyhow. I edges nearer this council-of-war as familiar names began to be gargled back and forth and I hears that Isabel Russell and Ethel Whitmore have been termed promising recruits, being now life members of the National School Teachers' Association. This conversation was getting mighty interesting and I was just hearing that Florence Dudley had by a large majority been elected to dust off the books in the Public Library, and if a draughtsman was needed she was on hand to regulate the opening of the windows. I was absorbing these facts as a dry sponge sops up water when I feels a touch on my arm. Wheeling about I comes face to face with Lawnie and after the glad-hand becomes stationary and all other polite questions were over, he says, with much embarrassment, "You're married, ain't you?" I told him I was. "Can you tell me how much it costs to live when you got a wife?" he sputters.

"Why," says I, "it costs almost nothing, everything is so reasonable these days."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," he says. "Sheila's father and mother were afraid that maybe I wasn't getting enough to support her. You know I'm taking care of the common now."

"Yes, so I see by the paper," says I. "But who's Sheila?"

"Why, she's the sweetest girl in the world," answers Lawnie.

He probably would have proceeded with her family history but I sees the Missus come out of the theatre and by her looks I know that it's best to be with her unless I wish to lose what few hairs I am still coaxing along on my head. I hurries after the Missus who is hoofing it towards Moody street. Gladys was sure sore when I catches up to her. We hadn't stopped here more than a minute before I hears the "put, putt" of a motor-bike and around the corner swings the piece of machinery with Fannie Phipps at the handles. She had Lillian Hickey sitting in the baby-carriage attachment. As I looks at the pair I remembers that Fannie was the only one of her set that owned a solid, 14 karat potato necklace and as for Lill, she was sitting up as straight as a poker looking ahead with a far-away look about her pathetic blue eyes. The Waverley seamstress had become affected in this manner early in her girlhood. It happened over night and she never was the same after Richie went away. No sooner had the motor-cycle vanished than the Police Auto comes banging up

the street. It seemed to me that Waltham was some livelier than when I had last seen it. As the patrol-bus whizzed past me I makes out Luke Conant's figure grasping the wheel for dear life. He had the car wide open as there were a few Saturday night ale-hounds to be collected at the Bleachery.

As a boy the patrol had always had a distinct fascination for Luke and only too well do some of the old settlers remember Luke's memorable ride, but that was when the auto was new and Steve was on the driver's seat. Little did any one dream that Luke would succeed Steve.

Suddenly it dawns on me that the wife was heading for the station. I sneaks a glance at my Waterbury and finds that it is 10.32. The train for Sayville was due to pull out at 10.45 so I would have a half an hour to wait before our train starts westward. I makes for the middle of the street and with a rolling gate I starts after my disappearing Gladys. I gets along fine for about twenty yards, then from some quarter in the rear comes the shrill of a motor-horn that makes both the hairs on my head stand up and tremble. I gives one glance around then makes for the gutter. I gains my desired location and glances around just in time to see LeClaire twisting the wheel most off of his complex as he tries to pass an electric car. I gets a glimpse of Madame Buncher, the modiste, who owns the shop this side of Domonie Guzzi's; sitting in the tonneau with her pomeranian. The auto went by with dust a flying. My attention is soon attracted again by the electric car which stops to let on some baby forms. I hears a familiar voice bellowing at the scrambling humanity that was endeavoring to clamor aboard. Looking toward the rear-end of the car I makes out Cole's shapely carcas, in his conductor's uniform.

"Well," thinks I, "the old Middlesex & Boston has claimed him at last."

You see Rod was always sort of attracted toward the back end of Newton cars and he was the original Columbus when he used to play the National Pastime down beside the dump, as it was he who found out where first-base was by tripping over it.

One slight and light haired woman with a week's provisions piled all over her arms was making futile attempts to clamber aboard the car. Even Cole's growling and yelling didn't seem to get the woman out of her difficulty. Evelyn Phillips at last gave up and the noble Rod comes down off the rear and heaves her aboard. When she gets straightened out I see that in her right mitt she's holding onto a sandwich, from which huge portions disappear from time to time. Meanwhile Rod had given the motorman the high-sign and now he's turning toward the sidewalk to gaze at any chance spectators, who saw his noble assistance. Then, with his wolfish smile playing tunes about his ears and looking about as if he was saying "I'm worth more dough," his car starts with a jerk, and all expression on his map is lost as the swaying electric shoots down the hill toward Chestnut street.

On I goes, dashing down the street towards the station. I just makes out the Frau, as she enters the depot's spacious waiting-room. Putting on more speed I just reach the baggage room when I hear the clanging of fire autos. I looks towards the thoroughfare and sees three or four

machines go tearing by. Then along comes a car full of ladders and painters with Herr Fulford at the wheel. I didn't see what the Painters' Union could do at the fire, but I suppose that was up to the chief. Things have changed so in the last few years. Why, even I had got married.

A pulling and grunting stops me before I got to the station door, and turning half around I gets a good view of the approaching mass of humanity. One who had known Roulo as a boy might have recognized him now, if one's eyesight was good. Somehow or other Warren wasn't the same shape that he used to be. Most of his form had all come around in front of him and collected about his belt. One would never believe that he used to be the slickest hula hula dancer east of Waikiki Beach. I felt an urgent need of seeing the wife and explaining to her why I'd been so late. So I shakes off Master Roulo and dashes for the waiting room. As I enter, I look wildly about for the Missus. Suddenly I spy her close to where Danny's corner used to be. I saunters down to the counter and looks square into "Dot" Drury's blushing face. I buy a smoke just so she won't be disappointed in a sale and gathering up the change from my dime I goes over and sits down beside the Frau. I see that she looks blue enough to paint a second Blue Danube, but I never utters a yip. You see I'm a man of experience, so I waits for her to set the ball arolling. Not a word is uttered. Our party is getting too boisterous, thinks I and I was just going to offer some suggestions to the wife when the door opens and two ladies, clad in the latest gowns from Paris (Maine), enter and stand gawking at Gladys and I. They look about twice at the wife, then comes sailing across the floor with extended arms and dimpling cheeks. As Gladys sees what's coming, she grows a little more joyous and hops up out of her seat, to meet the attack from Paris. Soon I hears the words of emotion gushing forth and also that the names of Miss Colburn and Miss Doherty are going to be charged tomorrow, and since a couple of fellows thought they'd like to get rid of their money a little faster there was going to be a double knot tied on the morrow.

As this duet passed through the portals of the station, a very slight lady comes in and seats herself and her parrot cage down on one side of her and places her cotton umbrella on the seat at her right. All over her was written primness personified. Losing no time she pulls off her fingerless gloves and proceeds to demolish a ginger-snap, with a ravenous appetite. I rakes my brain, trying to place this feminine figure. Suddenly it comes to me that this hilarious person is none other than Evelyn Graves. I'd have asked Gladys to have confirmed my opinion but she had taken a seat at the other end of the depot and refused to look my way.

Before I could take in any more details of the lady, I hears our train come wheezing up to the depot.

In a jiffy the wife is out of her corner and making for the train. I follows after her while the guard, who is walking up and down the platform as if he is doing the Baxter mile, starts roaring: "This train for Ayer, Sayville, Wabash, Pensacola, Saratoga, Nagog Junction, and all points West." He says no more, for seeing me he comes striding over to where

I'm standing as only a dasher can stride.

"Good night, Marie," he says; "Where did you drop from?"

I sees at once how fat and plump Gately's face has become. As far as I could make out he has three or four chins, and each one striving to make a better exhibition than its brother, but from all appearances his No. 3 had won the brown derby by a lap.

After shaking hands like he had a chill. I asks him if our train goes through Roberts or Groton, but he didn't seem to hear my question. If one had mentioned Waverley or Roberts when Charles was young, one would have had need of a rope to tie the mauling youngster, so as to hold him till a car came along, otherwise he would have insisted on doing the Matt Silver stunt, or a Marathon.

I didn't have much time to talk to Sir George as the engine was whistling "All aboard." So I shouts good bye to the in and outer as I swings aboard the last car. I see the lights of Waltham disappear as we speed homeward, and I can't help but heave a sigh of relief, but I'm not wholly at ease 'cause I know that the Frau is waiting for me somewhere up forward. I thinks the sooner I gets her interview over the better it will be, so I opens the door and starts through the cars on my search. It isn't long before I begin stumbling over suit cases and pairs of feet whose owners had forgotten to bring them in out of the rain. While passing along I come up to a very reserved young maiden, whose flashing hair and pale blue eyes made me sure that she was none other than Sarah Conant. Her hair was bobbed up in her usual tidal wave effect, and as I go by I see that, with blushing cheeks, she's writing in a tattered diary that I last saw employed in the H. S. play. Coming into the next coach I know that there is some kind of disturbance by the noise. But as I approaches the center of the tumult I sees that it is only Hilda Johnson. She was endeavoring to make all her friends, who were seated on all sides of her, hear a certain wonderful meaty piece of scandal. But to my way of thinking the engineer didn't have to exert his hearing apparatus any to learn all about this wonderful secret, so great was the carrying power of her vocal organs. If given my choice between the battle of the Marne and this vocal attack, I think that the 75 centigrams of France would have a very soothing effect on the ears, after trying to withstand this crashing conversation. I gets to the front door before deafness overtakes me, and on gazing into the next car I spots the Missus waiting for my return. I enters softly and squats down beside her. She gives me a ripping old glance and starts in:

"I'm never going to be seen outside the town limits with you again. You're a disgrace."

"I'm not kicking," says I, as I feel of my empty pockets and think how much worse my pocketbook has fared.

"Can you tell me how I'm going to get the rest of my clothes?" I asks, cause I still had on the soup and fish.

"I told Karleen to send all our things from Auntie's by the next train," says the Frau, with a growl.

"Well," I continues, with a sigh, "I'll get a good feed when I get home, anyhow, won't I Gladys?" I think this will help her grouch as she likes

to have her cooking praised. But as the Missus doesn't seem to be very enthusiastic as to whether I get fed or not, I makes another beginning.

"'What eats did you leave in the pantry when we left?"

"Well," she answers, with hair bristling, "there are some crackers in a paper bag on the shelf."

"Yes," I says, "you're generally over-stocked with food." This broke the camel's back, 'cause the tears began to flow. I gives her one look, then with a groan turns my back on this sob scene and thinks what a bore it was to have ever wished to tour Waltham. Forevermore, I silently swore, Sayville will never see her able-bodied citizen more than a mile from her Main street.

History of the Class of 1917

MIRIAM BISBEE

History is the story of facts and events,
Some in long forgotten ages, others in present tense;
But what I am going to read you is a history of this day,
When in our dear old High School nineteen seventeen held sway.

And in the future ages when little children stand
And hear the tales of glory won by this mighty band,
Let us hope that our remembrances may bring ambition high
And nineteen seventeen proclaimed the best from Waltham High.

IT WAS a hot, muggy day. Although the sun was hidden by gray clouds, its heat penetrated and seemed to center in Asbury Temple, Waltham. A long file of girls and boys, in the green and white of South Grammar, was marching down one aisle between rows of smiling faces; across the hall the pink and white be-ribboned line of the North Grammar was proceeding.

The afternoon wore away and the exercises went on. Some of us South Siders stared at a figure that occasionally was seen bobbing in the left hand balcony and listened to a voice roar out "Fiddle and I" when we stood to sing. Who was it? We know now. Mr. Donald Miller. Even in those days he loomed large in the distance and was, to our childish eyes, a thing of beauty. And then, could it be possible that the two separate schools would blend harmoniously? We found during our four years together that there was no such division as a North or South Side.

As we look back, it seems but yesterday since a band of frightened babes stood quaking on the threshold of learning. Directed to the hall, most of us took our lawful seats in the rear of the room; only a few made the dreadful mistake of sitting with the Seniors, and only one of hanging her coat and hat in the wrong basement.

All that fall, a good part of the cheering section resounded with the high pitched voices of the babes, one of whom, the day of the memorable game with Newton, arrived in an automobile at 9.30 in the morning in order to secure a choice place at 3.00 in the afternoon.

Our little boys, in the manner of their forefathers, arrayed themselves in a motley assortment of clothes and ventured against their upper class friends on the field of football, to lose their first game.

The day the Mirror came out, groups of Freshmen read it with interest, stared in wonder when members of the staff drew near, and each resolved to learn all he could from Miss Frost in this her last year of teaching, in the hope that sometime he might have an article printed himself.

Every Tuesday morning, certain unearthly sounds issued from the third floor—sounds which were recognized by those who had been through it as the song "Happy We" or "Mika dearest, I must leave thee," with which all Freshmen entertain the school.

Although young men were debarred from our gymnasium exhibitions, they retaliated by inviting us to their boxing matches. In a short time glowing accounts, embellished with snapshots, appeared in the Boston papers, telling us of the number of heads broken in our little gym. and how great the shock

must have been to girlish nerves, with the result that the frail creatures were banished never to return.

Several times we came to school and found the hall darkened and knew that Mr. Burke was to entertain us with views he had obtained while traveling in this country and Europe. However, it would be hard to tell which we enjoyed most, his lectures or his jokes told in our physics class.

The weather grew warmer and the circus that comes about once every five years, made its appearance. We were given permission to see the parade if it came at recess time, but at 11.30 and 11.45 no parade had arrived, so the dutiful children returned to school, but alas, not all, and poor Weed, a victim of "circusitis," slipped into his seat fifteen minutes late. He was detailed to take the notice around that all who had followed his example would remain fifteen minutes every day until school closed for the summer.

That summer of 1914 was momentous and one August morning we heard that there was a possibility that some of our dear teachers would be marooned in Europe on account of the declaration of war. Did the thought come to any of us that perhaps we would be obliged to extend our vacation? No of course not, and very likely the boys would even have preferred to return earlier it they had known they were to have so charming a substitute as Miss Ostrander.

Our first year of German with Miss Hoffman was a source of pleasure and we listened with interest to her stories, especially those of how Mark Twain persisted in pronouncing "damit" and "womit" wrong.

On the day of the first class meeting several loyal henchmen rushed around securing votes for their Presidential candidate and incidentally every one else's, Wilfred Howe. Howe was elected by an unanimous vote and it was not difficult to finish our selection with Karleen Ludden as Vice President, Pauline Yetten as Secretary and Treasurer, and Lawrence Mulloy as Class Auditor.

A little later the committee on class colors combined blue and brown so prettily that we chose those, and our first social committee under the leadership of Fritz Hedlund, made the banner.

Our two socials that year were gala times. The first was a "Middy Blouse" party and the second a Character Party. The renowned "Coon Family" which visited us that evening will never be forgotten, although as the evening progressed and the fun increased, we thought some of our classmates could be recognized under the back paint and artistic garments and we were sure of it when we saw Father Hedlund, Mother McGahan, and Baby Eddie retire to Liberty street to eat the box of candy that they had received for a prize.

In the class football series this year, the boys more than made up for the Freshman defeat by winning the championship of the school and later in the year won more honors in basketball. Not to be outdone by the opposite sex, the girls went to work also, and won the championship in girls' basketball, thus bringing two more honors to the same class.

While the athletic members were bringing glory to us, the brainy Latin students in Room 17 formed their annual "Concilium," ate candy, had a grab bag, debated such subjects as "Would the Roman toga be suitable for modern use?" and closed their

CHARLES GATELY
Captain

1917 BASE BALL TEAM

year with a dramatic presentation of "Pyramus and Thisbe," when Pyramus died in the middle of the floor stabbed by his own rubber dagger.

With the spring came tennis, baseball, and the day when Miss Hall took some of us to see a dramatic performance in the Stadium. We were so strongly affected that we walked from the Stadium to Watertown and consequently arrived in Waltham several hours behind schedule.

Finally came the day when Lizzie had walked around to the pencil sharpener for the last time, we had said the final "Ich weiss nicht," and were free for ten weeks.

When we returned for our Junior year, we found the entering class contained a surprising number of little people who bumped us in the hall as they rushed wildly away from Mr. Ward's glare, and really there were so many of them we could not possibly crowd them into morning devotions, so banished them to the regions below for three days in the week.

It was surprising how many hitherto unknown scouts answered the call for a searching party in the late fall, and our friend "Red" tramped so far o'er hill and dale that he wore out his own shoes and had to borrow his father's rubber boots, which fitted pretty well.

There is a popular saying that good things never last, but many times one forgets to add that better things may come and that every cloud has a silver lining. Thus it was with us; the successful season of football, the well fought game with Everett and then the sad news of the resignation of Mr. Dame but soon the silver lining appeared in the person of Mr. Fradd.

There is also another saying likening a new friend to a new broom that always sweeps clean and our new friend, Miss Baker, made a clean sweep of us in declamation.

Spared the ordeal Sophomore year, it was doubly hard this year, but when it was over, how pleasant to watch other knees tremble, and listen to other voices quake!

McGahan's story of Finnegan and Flannagan pleased us so much and we expressed our pleasure so openly that Miss Baker thought he had better take his seat until we could enjoy it with a less demonstrative manner. On the other hand we almost wept as Hedlund told us of "The Boy Orator" and listened with grave mien to Lincoln's oft repeated Gettysburg address.

Howe did not need his henchmen to boom him this year, for he was the unanimous choice for President again, and held that office until he left school a short time before the Prom, when we chose Lawrence Mulloy to fill the vacancy. A few changes were made in the sub-officers; Mildred Morse was chosen Secretary, Ralph Blanchard, Auditor, and McGahan, Athletic Representative.

Middy blouses were in order again at the first social and instead of a Character Party for the second, the young ladies showed their character by inviting the young men to a Leap Year Party. They timidly acted as escorts, brought them ice-cream, and asked them to dance.

Many of us had enjoyed the "movies," but we never really appreciated them until we had heard Mr. Ward discourse on them to some extent. It was a most interesting period when he condescended to give

us an oral dramatic review and we all profited by his good advice.

In one issue of the Mirror an article appeared which told us that our own Tech division contained, and had for some time contained a "Loafers" Club. We do not deny this, but they certainly worked in a hurry when Miss Pratt presented a carnation to each member of her room one day just before recess, for a box of candy appeared for her just after recess.

The spring activities that year in addition to tennis and basketball were heightened by the Pageant, and it was very convenient to use that as an excuse for unprepared lessons, and the classes diminished a great deal during the last week of rehearsals.

Almost everything in the Junior year leads to the Prom. It was necessary to begin a long time in advance to collect class dues and there was the ever present wrangle as to what form the Prom should take and what to wear. But finally all questions were settled and the great day appointed, when we all gathered at Nutting's as hosts and hostesses to the Seniors. The great hall was glowing with decorations, pretty dresses, and beaming faces, and we hoped the Seniors would always remember their last social event in High School.

Our class this last year numbered only seventy-five, while Freshmen year we had entered two hundred strong. Where had we disappeared? Alas, some had left our select company for the outside world and some had endeared themselves to the hearts of their teachers so much that they were obliged to remain with them another year. On the other hand, we had gained several new members, among whom "Ish" shone bright, and another, Brooks Marsh, gave hopes of being a future George Washington.

The first year we had tasted the joys of being marked by Good, Fair, and Poors, but Sophomore year the marks were changed and our new C meant anything between Good and Deficient. Still we were not worried until Junior, when the afternoon sessions were formed for those with two D's and this last year when the climax was reached, afternoon sessions for one D.

It was singularly fitting that as President Wilson was re-elected to lead the nation through its troubles, Lawrence Mulloy should be re-elected to lead the class through its last year. The other officers were also reinstated with the exception of the Vice President, who gave way to Sarah Conant.

Our first two socials were held on suitable occasions, one just after Hallowe'en, the other a short time before Valentine's Day, and at both, favors suggestive of those days were received. But the most important social was the Senior Dance, held at Nutting's, and the class was well represented.

For some time Mr. Burke had kept a secret, but this year the cat was out of the bag, and horrors, his birthday was discovered. Still he probably was glad it had been, when he was presented by his devoted classes with candy, a box of the high-priced "spuds," and other useful articles.

In February we came together in the hall to witness our first mid-year graduation, as our President expressed it, "the smallest class and the classiest kind of a classy class,"

and to present the departing graduate, Mr. Fradd, with gifts. After a short time we welcomed our third athletic instructor, Mr. Reinhardt.

As Mr. Ward frequently told us, we owed a great deal to our Senior Play cast which labored faithfully for two months or more for our benefit, and it was common opinion that "The Importance of Being Earnest" was one of the best plays ever presented by the school.

As two of the 1916 class were called to defend their country on the Mexican border; so several of the 1917 class have gone to defend their country in the great world war, among them the class Prophet, Edmund Freeman, so that it was necessary to choose another to perform this duty for the class.

'Mid these wars and rumors of wars, our honor pupils were appointed, Dorothy Latham as valedictorian; Irene Greenleaf as salutatorian, and we continued our preparation for the Junior Prom.

And tonight the class of 1917 has gathered for its last social event in High School, and as we go forth let us remember that

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs,
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

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